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TWO MEMBERS' MONOLOGUES

and

A Handy Form for Artists

for use in connection with

The City of Culture

TOM LEONARD

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The Moderate Member's Monologue

Christ. Thank fuck I'm an M.P.

I mean naw, really. Majn been poor, eh. Majn been really poor. Majn no huvn a job ur sumthin. Ur been wan a they YTS people. Christ Almighty. Fuck me. Majn been under 25 eh. Fuckin hell. Aw Jesus. Majn been really poor an a wummin ur sumhn, an yir man's left yi. (*shakes his head*)

Majn livn ina council house. Christ.

Ahv nuthn against council houses minji. Loat a ma constituents live in thim. Aye. A wuz broat up in a council house. Thir aw right council houses. Yi ever seen a council house?

Pity ma da dyin. Yi lose touch wi yir roots.

Ma memories fuckt as well. Sometimes a wish everybody wiz jist cawd thi same name. Like the men awcawd Harry and thi wummin awcawd Reena. Hello Harry. Hello Reena. It's been a long time Reena. How's the leg Harry. Yi stull wurkn n Barr N Strouds.

No that a ivir wurkt n Barr N Strouds. Naw. That law digree wuz the best thing a done. That n joinin the party. Yil get naywhere unless yir a lawyer that's whut they tellt mi. Ur a lecturer.

Christ a hate socialists. A hate left wing people. A really dae. They really get on ma tits. Fuckin branch is riddled wi thim.

Neil'll soart thaim oot though. Already huz. Aye. "Spread democracy". Fuck yiz. Get thi fuckin block votes oan thim. Boomp.

Didyi see thi conference. Goodyin this year wintit. Really fuckt thim this time, gave thim a right good doin. Thi constituencies a mean.

That wuzza good idea that scattern thi constituencies through the hall. Mine they awused tay sit thigithir, it lookt bad that. This big forest a hawns doon wan side a thi hall ivri time some leftwing rubbish wuz proposed. Took a cuppla big block votes tay wipe thim aw oot. Lookt bad nthi telly aye. Am aw fur this new image stuff.

Aye. A hate socialists. We wur supposed tay be getn a few new wans this time in the new MP's. Aye. The doomsday scenario. Very revolutionary eh. Christ. Donald sorted thaim oot quick enough. He's really good at his joab. He'd make a great minister. Ye'll no hear a cheep fray thaim.

Ah thoat wid a hud tay dae a few marches thoa. Dae the Blythswood Square tay Glasgow Green walk again. Cuppla puddens up front tryin

tay look determined. That STUC guy. Whut's his name. Christ a canny remembir his fuckin name. He's good though. Wanny uz. Ah we'll need ti day sumhm aboot thi poll tax. Stoap folk breakn thi law.

Ah think this art caper's a good idea. Getn aw thi writers in init. Yeh a mean. Thirza few a thim aboot. It's better that. A night oot, a lot a gags aboot thi ugly face a Thatcherism an that. Keeps us united. A mean that's whut's needed thi noo above anythin else. Unity. Aye. Ahm aw for that. A mean fur Christ sake who wahnts satire that makes yi feel uncomfortable. No me.

Ach though a don't really care. A mean the leftwing's that fuckt it doesny really matter anyway. Aw gin aboot wi their glazed eyes. Fuckin mass hypnagogic state. Whair um a. This izny happnin. Great eh.

Aye. Get the writers gawn. A saysti a cuppla thim, come on, time you cunts put yir shoulder tay the wheel. Join the team. No much money in it but. But we'll get yi a few gigs. The clubs, demos. Pahrty rallies. Ahll put you in touch wi a few guys get yi a wee cabaret tour. How does that grab yi. Maybe a wee tour afore the local elections, few late night spots. Cheap bevvvy, that should wind yous up. Courss you writers, youll be on yir hole eftir aw thi readins. Lucky bastards.

Naw ahm a family man but. Ma daughter. God ma daughter. Fyi think a hate thi Left yi should hear her on the Tories. She's a teacher. Christ a widny be Michael Forsyth if she got a hawdy im. Coorss she blames us but. "If you lot hudny put the pressure on Pollok we'd a won wir strike." That's what she tells mi. "Coz a you an thi sellout Communists ahv got an hours unpaid overtime tay dae ivry week. Is that whut you call a victory?"

Lissn madam. A says. Lissn Madam. Dae yi think we'd go inty an election backin a national strike? Dae yi think we drappt thi fuckin miners in thi shite jist tay bail yous out? Coorss that's aw wahter aff a duck's back. (*imitates her*) "The Coal Board's got nothin on Strathclyde Region when it comes tay closures. Whut wans will we shut? (*rubs his hands*) Jist fight among yirsell fur thirty days!" Great wan fur jokes ma daughter. (*imitates her*) "How does the Labour Party rose no huv any pricks on it? Mawn. How does thi Labour Party rose no huv any pricks on it? Coz Mr Kinnock didny chair the selection committee." "I'd like a penny for every time Neil Kinnock's mentioned the word class. Why would you like a penny for every time Neil Kinnock's mentioned the word class? Because then if I'd only nine more pence I could buy a packet of polo mints."

Ach well. We got thi last laugh anyway. That election campaign shut the left up. No that they'd opened thir mooths fur a few months afore it but. Anyway. Aye. Yiv goat tay be realistic. If yi canny kerry Fleet Street an the Nine a Cloak News thirz nay hope a yir marginals. No that ahm in a marginal. Ah reckn ahv got thurty years yet. Stull maybe a should go at 70.

A suppose thirz better jobs though. Look at wee Paul. Imagine bein Director a Council Houses fur Glasgow an yi get a job wi thi firm thats buyin thim aw up. Good onyi Mister Maignanni! (*spreads his arms, smiles broadly*) It's aw legal as well, they canny even stick im in the jail. An jist wait tay thi schools ur sellt aff – think a thi real-estate. As Neil would say (*gives thumbs-up sign*) – Smashing!

Naw it's got to be realistic now. Ahm all for this lissnin exercise. Two years tay we finally tell thi Left officially at last tay go an take a runnin fuck tay itsell. That unilateral shite's out the window for starters. No that we'd ever a done it anyway but sayn we wid was the price a keepn the so-called hard left quiet aboot everythin else in their utopia. Naw there's times yi huv tay offer yir enemies a carrot. But they times are past, thank fuck. We're no gawny waste aw that money we'll huv spent on Trident by the time we're elected. Naw that'll be a fait accompli an cunts like Livingstone'll jist huv tay swally that ur leave. Yi don't buy a guard dug then take it back tay the shoap.

A think Trident could be a vote-catcher though, especially if we offer the workers shares in it. Why not? A mean it's thi ordinary voter yi wahnt tay reach no thi activists. An let's face it thi ordinary voters got a heed fuhll a sun newspapers.

Talkn aboot thaht ahd better be away. Ahm tryn tay get this piece done fur the papers. Jimmy Reid said he'd pit in a word for me in the Sun. Aye. Noo, there's the kinna socialist a *really* like. (*imitates Reid*)

"Yi know, the most sensible socialist in the entire history of socialism, has been Jesus Christ. Jist imagine. That man was God. He could have pulled out the whole Roman army at one snap of his fingers. If he'd wanted he could have had every worker in the whole Roman Empire down tools and walk off the job. But what did he say? "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." That's what he said. And the next time I hear a so-called socialist say that no-strike agreements are betraying the working-class, I'll say, 'What about Mark Chapter Twelve Verse Seventeen?'"

(*winks*) Aye. Wirra broad church. (*angrily*) But no *that* broad.

A Handy Form for Artists
for use in connection with
The City of Culture

Dear

it is a matter of conscience too tedious to explain*/ City Culture yes City of a Culture yes City of Culture no*/ the slogan is a nasty piece of advertising language meaning: a) places and people are worth something as to whether or not they can be described as "of Culture" b) That desirable thing-to-be-owned, Culture, is now owned by Glasgow c) City of Culture = Person of Culture = Someone who does not enter the drawing room with cheese on their whiskers*/ it is as much an insult to Beethoven and Rembrandt as it is to so-called "community art" and to any citizen past or present*/ any participating artist, work of art, or event will appear

within the programme as an exemplification of this
rightwing tourist slogan*/ critical or "left-wing" works
within the programme will function as "the antibodies
necessary to keep the body politic healthy" – which it
most certainly isn't*/ come-on-in the labour's cheap
and the entertainment's good*/ come-on-in Razor
King has been buried with his bunnit*/ †

and because I am fed up with

the relentless use of the word "celebration" in
connection with Glasgow by mediapersons*/ my
children getting crap food at school because of
dinner school cutbacks*/ with public service workers
being laid off, or their wages driven down "so that we
can hold on to the tender"*/ with my health service
being destroyed what about people with things like
emphysema, it's not all smoking this city is cold and
damp*/ with it being a crime to be under 25*/ with them
agreeing to sell the council houses*/ with poor and
unemployed people being systematically harassed
and deprived of benefits, within this city*/ with the
unemployment figures, and all the other statistics,
everybody knows they're shite, when am I going to turn
on my radio or television and hear honest language*/
with the land around Glasgow practically crackling
with radioactivity you soon won't even be able to go to
Saltcoats for a paddle*/ why do the lamb chops in the
butchers glow in the dark*/ why don't they put
turnstiles on the housing schemes and make them
Deprived Heritage Museums*/ with all this Mr Even
Happier nonsense*/

†

Yours sincerely

(citizen of Glasgow)*

* delete if inapplicable † insert other if necessary



(from) **The-Front-of-the-Mouth-Exaggerated-Oral-Activity Member**

That's what I loved about Glenalmond. The fresh air, the rigour. And the fact one could walk with a straight back, because one knew one's parents were putting their hands in their pockets and handing over hard cash, cash you could bite on or hold up to the light and see the watermark through Her Majesty the Queen.

That's what exaggerated-front-of-the-mouth oral activity is all about. Watermarks. If you hold a note up to the light, you ought to be able to see a man looking out at you wearing a crinkly wig. If that man could speak, he would be promising to pay the bearer on demand. Not many people realise he's wearing one of this society's most sacred totems. I sometimes think that the crinkly wig of dead hair has been God's greatest gift to the British people. It is our tablet of stone, set against the gilded calf of trades unionism.

It strikes me as being of the utmost importance that crinkly wigs of dead hair are not available over the counter. That's why I'm bringing in my Crinkly Wig of Dead Hair Retail Restrictions Act. This should confine the sale of crinkly wigs to those who have met on the level and parted on the square. I think I can rely on the whips.

Now I was talking to Black Rod the other day – there's a fine chap if ever there was one – and we were discussing all this boorishness in the House of Commons.

"It's not new ye know Alex," he said. "Not many people realise that one of our greatest statesmen, the Younger Pitt, was so overcome with claret during one debate that he was physically sick behind the Speaker's chair."

"It's a good job he's not living now Roddie," I replied. "He would have been drummed out of the Labour Party!"

Actually Roddie and I were just returning from tea in the Members' Cafeteria. It had been quite a gathering. There was Baron Fitt of the Divis, Lord Carmichael of Byres Road, and good Old Uncle Jim Callaghan sporting his new garter. He rolled up his trousers and showed us it hanging just above the knee. "I got this for clamming up about M16 and Lord Ganex," he says proudly. "Her Majesty and Margaret rushed it through in a fortnight. They tried to palm me off

with an Order of the Bath but I told them to fuck off. I'm for the Privy Council or else I'm going to demand an enquiry," he says, banging his big *nouveau riche* mitts on the members' cafeteria table.

It was quite embarrassing. My old friend John Carlisle – he's the honourable member for Johannesburg – he turns to me and says, "You know Alex you can put these chaps in the House of Lords and they're *still* not ready for democracy."

John was telling me the other day about this new ad for YTS that Lord Young's come up with. Now there's a chap that knows how to wear ermine. Anyway this ad shows a young girl telling about how she got a job with the Youth Training Scheme and it's just the best thing that's happened to her in her life. The ad begins with her talking on some kind of screen but then the camera backs away to show it's a roll of toilet paper. And while she's still talking away about how she used to hear all these horror stories, all untrue, this hand comes up from the left of the screen and pulls off the perforated piece with her face on it. It's absolutely wonderful photography and of course you're so fascinated you're just totally engrossed while she blethers away. Anyway she's describing how she'd been really lonely and depressed before starting YTS when the camera shows that it's Lord Young holding the torn-off paper with her talking face on it, which he then wipes his arse with before chucking it down the pan. And the miracle is. You see this crumpled up face at the bottom of the bowl, still talking, about how she's made wonderful new friends and got a job in the planning department. And then Lord Young pulls the chain.

But that's only the beginning . . .

on having been seized with the dry boke
at the state opening of parliament

black rod delicately applied
the instrument of his nomenclature

to the back of his throat

THE EDWARD POLIN PRESS